"The same motives which you have to eliminate DANGEROUS publications should prompt you to exercise your zeal in the diffusion of SOUND literature."—Cardinal Gibbons.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

The ONLY Funny Catholic Weekly. Its cost is the ONLY thing about it. To do you good is its SOLE AIM. Co-operate with it.

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC WEEKLY

Volume II. "TO BE PRACTICAL and TO DO GOOD"—Our Motto HUNTINGTON, INDIANA, SEPT. 14, 1913. PRICE ONE CENT. Number 28

A Cyclone In the "Melting Pot"

(The First Letter.)

"Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood."—Psalm 13, 3.

The proverbial "storm in the tea pot" is a thing of the past. In the future we will have to use the expression: "A cyclone in the melting pot."

"The Melting Pot," which ought to be called "The Smelling Pot," was launched last January by the Socialists, Henry M. Tichenor as editor, and Phil Wagner as publisher, for the special purpose of assailing both Catholics and Protestants with impartial fury and villainy. It is simply impossible adequately to describe the infamies, blasphemies and abominations which these two Socialist ranters have produced in every issue of their slimy sheet. They branded the Protestant churches as "bastards of the Romish Bawd," and the Holy Eucharist as "a cracker soaked in blessed booze." If among all the subscribers to "The Melting Pot" there had been at least one whose moral sense were above that of a brute, he would certainly have raised a vigorous protest against the filthy, mendacious and blasphemous language of Tichenor, Wagner and other scribes. But none appeared with a protest. On the contrary, many readers sent Tichenor "bouquets" (i. e., complimentary letters), twenty-three of which are published in the issue for June.

Eugene V. Debs repeatedly endorsed and highly recommended "The Melting Pot," as I have proved in a previous letter to "Our Sunday Visitor." This is not surprising since, in order to catch the unsuspicious, he had lectured so much on "the universal brotherhood of man," though he knows as well as we do that there cannot be a universal brotherhood of man in a society of developed monkeys. All prominent Socialist philosophers—including Karl Kautsky and Robert Blatchford, from whose writings Debs claims to have imbibed "the Socialist spirit" (see his book, page 83)—teach the descent of man from the animal kingdom. Ernest Untermann, a great Socialist light of our country, states in his book, "Science and Revolution," page 149:

"Every Socialist writer of note is a convinced Darwinian and Spencerian, besides being a convinced Marxian."

This statement is absolutely correct. The doctrine of man's descent from the brute forms an essential part of the Socialist philosophy. Debs openly declared his adherence to the Darwinian evolution, when he wrote in his book, page 148:

"Evolution is the order of nature, and society, like the units that compose it, is subject to its inexorable laws."

This is a sample of undiluted tommyrot. Where does "the order of nature," where do "the inexorable laws of evolution," come from, if there be no Creator and Ruler of nature, no Supreme Lawgiver? Are we to believe in the monstrous absurdity that nature produces itself out of nothing, and is both its own ruler and its own subject? Every law necessarily implies the existence of a lawgiver, of a ruler and of at least one subject. Nobody can deny the existence of laws in nature. Hence nobody can consistently deny the existence of a Lawgiver and Supreme Ruler over nature. The admission of a Supreme Ruler and Lawgiver breaks the neck of Darwin's, Spencer's and Gene's "evolution." Darwinism, Spencerism and Debsism are the greatest humbugs contrived in modern times; they are an ugly travesty on sound reason as well as on true science.

I claim to be a creature of God. I claim to be composed of a body and of a spiritual and immortal soul. I claim to be endowed with reason and free will. I claim to be essentially distinct from the beast. Hence I hate, despise and abhor all blood-relationship, all brotherhood with monkeys, no matter whether they be developed or undeveloped. I believe in the Fatherhood of God, not in the fatherhood of the anthropoid ape. I believe in the brotherhood of man, not in the brotherhood of the monkey.

Let me return to "My Dear Harry." This lovely representative of "The Brotherhood of Man" announced in "The Smelling Pot" for May under the caption "Important," that he would publish in the June issue my private letter to Theo. Debs, together with a roasting commentary. He said:

"NOTE—The editor of "The Melting Pot" will editorially handle this priest without gloves. If I don't skin the cuss good and proper, it will be because the English language doesn't contain words sharp enough to do the job."

The editor promised to skin and eat me up alive in token of "The Universal Brotherhood of Man," which the Socialist leaders have been preaching and practicing always and everywhere, particularly in Mexico. The fact that the recent bloody revolution and murderous civil war in Mexico were precipitated by "The Knights of the Brotherly Love"—the Socialists—has repeatedly been acknowledged by the editors of the "Appeal to Reason" and of "The National Ripsaw" themselves. Debs declared in the "Appeal to Reason" for August 19, 1911:

"It is not claiming too much to say that the 'Appeal to Reason' more than any other single agency aroused the people and precipitated the Mexican revolution. So incendiary were some of its personally signed articles and appeals that the editorial staff was threatened with arrest and the paper with exclusion from the mails."

Just admire Debs and Co., these wonderful "Knights of the Brotherly Love," these charming "heralds of peace," as they call themselves!

"My Dear Harry" appealed to "the action of the Government" against me. This appeal was highly touching, since it is a notorious fact that Tichenor and his entire crew are pledged to the overthrow of every actual government in the world.

Lastly, the editor urged the "dirkumrids" to send in large orders for the "Important" June issue. He told them: "You wouldn't miss reading this on your life." Thus it was "Economic Determinism" that prompted "My Dear Harry" to skin me alive!

My short private letter to Theo. Debs appeared on pages 2 and 3 of the June issue. The editor's "Important" commentary covers seven columns of "The Smelling Pot's" "valuable" space. The editor refused to reproduce my enlarged letter which was published in "Our Sunday Visitor," though I sent him a marked copy. He had made up his mind to depict the Spanish priests of the fifteenth century as wolves and our modern Socialists as lambs.

(Continued on Page Two)

A Memory and A Hope.

Often 'tis true on my day's horizon,
I see in the East the clouds arise;
But within my heart I carry a whisper,
That brings a light o'er darkest skies;
A memory bright as the golden sunset,
A hope as sweet as the fields of May:
I am going to Holy Communion tomorrow,
I went to Holy Communion today.

Many a time I am weary with labor,
Vexed with a life of work and worry;
Tired of giving myself to others,
Worn with the fret of this age of hurry;
Then o'er my heart's unquiet waters,
Comes my Lord's sweet whisper to say:
We shall meet at Communion tomorrow,
We have met at Communion today.

Sometimes others are rough and thoughtless,
Sometimes it may be hard and cold;
I long to pour out on the first quick impulse,
All the pain that my heart doth hold;
Then my hope and my memory blinded,
Plead my soul with a note of sorrow:
Jesus lay on your tongue this morning,
Keep your story for Him tomorrow.

All day long like a ballad burden,
Rings in my heart that musical chime;
All my minutes swing backward and forward,
Between the bliss of two points of time;
And I know the grateful heart on the altar,
Is touched to think that my own is gay:
Just because He is coming tomorrow,
Just because He has come today.

The "Roanoke, (Va.) Times" Sees It as Every Sane Man Should See It

"THE MENACE."

Somebody has taken the trouble to send us, in a special wrapper, two recent numbers of "The Menace." We do not know whether this gift is intended as a means of inflammation, a cause of alarm, a warning or an excitant to consternation. Whatever the purpose, the pains our correspondent is kind enough to take are unnecessary. The "Roanoke Times" receives "The Menace" regularly and as regularly consigns it to the wastebasket. We had no idea that anybody would give it enough attention to mail it to anybody else. It is a weekly publication from somewhere in Missouri, claiming for itself a circulation of between 600,000 and 700,000. Its purpose is to abuse the Catholic Church and to arouse and appeal to the wildest and most fanatical and unreasoning anti-Catholic feeling. We thought and hoped that that kind of thing had died out in this country. As somebody, however, seems to read and believe "The Menace," it is worth some little time and space to analyze it slightly.

The upper part of the first page of the issue of July 5th is occupied by a head extending entirely across the page concerning an attack on Jeremiah J. Crowley, at Oelwein, Iowa. It seems that Mr. Crowley is a renegade Catholic priest. We say "renegade" because, while any man has the right to change his religious faith and church membership, the man who does so and proceeds to make a living by abusing and slandering his former associates, deserves that comprehensive description. "The Menace" tells us that the "Outrage is branded as a strike at liberty, free speech and the vitals of our government." It conveys the further interesting information that "never since the revolutionary war of 1776 have any people been so thoroughly aroused as are the citizens of the State of Iowa over the attempt to assassinate the Rev. J. J. Crowley, by Roman Catholic mobs in Oelwein, Iowa." Sifting down the facts, we find that Oelwein is a town of 6,000 people and that Mr. Crowley lectured there June 17. After he left the lecture hall two or three men hustled him and somebody belted him over the head once. It does not appear that he even was knocked down. Two men were arrested and were released on their own recognizance. Nine citizens of Oelwein, including three Protestant pastors, two editors and four business men expressed publicly the opinion that the attack was a shameful affair. One of the pastors is quite enthusiastic. He seems to have the idea that the belting, or thumping, was instigated directly by the Pope; and "The Menace," concerning the incident, wants to know whether the death knell of our liber-

(Editorial of Wednesday, Aug. 27, '13)

ties has been sounded already, answering its own question with the somewhat broad assertion that "from Americans in every city, town, hamlet and hillside in this country, the answer comes No! No! Not while we have a drop of blood left in our bodies."

"The Menace" further informs its readers that the Catholics of Oelwein have one thousand rifles stored in the basement of their church, ready to assassinate their Protestant neighbors and make Oelwein another St. Bartholomew. We wonder if anybody really does believe such stuff as that.

The lower half of the same page is occupied with a fearful description of an attempt by "infuriated Roman Catholics" to destroy the Rev. Wallace Tharp, who spoke on Martin Luther in a Pittsburg hall. In this case the tragedy consisted of some jeering and of the hitting of a police officer who was dispersing a crowd on the outside of a hall. The average reader must be impressed with the fact that while one of these incidents occurred on June 12 and the other June 17, nobody outside of the immediate localities has heard of them and the American people as a whole have declined to be agitated or thrilled. Possibly the Pope choked off the telegraph wires and prevented the news of these horrors from reaching the country.

In its issue of August 16 "The Menace" seems to have run out of riot material and massacre suggestions, but it fills in very well with a displayed story of a nun who fled from a convent to Silverton, Oregon. This interesting female narrates that six months before she had escaped from a convent vaguely described as "in the East," but was kidnapped on the streets of Portland and confined at Mt. Angel. She is convinced, she tells a horrified pastor, that if caught again she will be murdered, as she knows of several other escaping nuns who have been murdered, names, dates, places and murderers not given. When she escaped formerly and took refuge with her parents and other relatives "in the East," "their houses were burned down over their heads." Places and dates and names omitted, presumably for prudential reasons. The rest of the alleged story of the alleged escaped nun is unfit for publication and should not be allowed to pass through the mails. The gist of it is that in every convent scores of infants of priests and nuns are born and systematically murdered every year.

We may well wonder whether any intelligent people anywhere really believe horrible, indecent and blasphemous falsehoods like this and what peculiarities of mental construction cause them to believe. It is curious to observe what following and attention may be commanded by extreme radicalism and violent slander and assertion in any direction, utterly regardless of probabilities and possibilities. "The Appeal to Reason," on one side, expressing virulent Socialism and practical anarchy; a publication like "The Menace" on the other side, impudently relying on the possibilities of the credulity of prejudice, circulated widely.

One comfort is that the curious twists and traits of human nature to which these sheets appeal are no worse now than they have been heretofore, and civilization and orderly government have survived them. The Lord George Gordon anti-Catholic riots, resulting in enormous loss of property and the destruction of many lives, occurred in London as late as 1780, being provoked by a bill pending in parliament to allow Catholics to vote. A few men yet survive who can recall the great Know Nothing movement directed against Catholics especially and foreigners generally. The anti-Masonic uprising of 1832 was as desperate as any movement against the Catholic Church ever has been. Its candidates carried the State of Vermont and it defeated Henry Clay for president. Publications of that time accused the Masonic fraternity of the same methods now charged by "The Menace" against the Catholics—murder, arson, abduction, imprisonment, a huge conspiracy extending from the highest officers to the plainest citizen, to subvert the government and reduce all non-Masons to slavery. Folly and reckless vituperation are not new. Let us hope that as general education spreads and people learn to consider facts and to reason, all such demonstrations and movements will do less and less harm and fizzle out more quickly and feebly.

"The Primitive Church was the mother, or author of the Bible; and not the Bible the author or mother of the Primitive Church."—Rev. A. Leffingwell, New Albany, Ind.

"Its priests are consecrated workers. They sacrifice many things in order to minister at the altar."—Rev. J. S. Thompson, Independent Church, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Celibate, wedded to the Church, carrying with him the consolation and sacraments, nothing deters him from his duty."—The Rockford, Ill., Star, 1909.

"The priests are unfailing springs of wholesome influences. They teach thrift, sobriety and industry."—Canadian Churchman.

City Officials Raise Monument to a Priest

(Continued from last week.)

GOD SENDS A SAIL.

"Now, Galvez in New Spain, had promised to send a relief ship in due time to San Diego, but the time had long past and no hope for it any more. Doubtless it had been lost, they said, as others of their ships had been lost. Certainly it had not come when Galvez said it would come. It might be he had kept his word and had sent the ship, but it was with the fishes at the bottom of the sea these many months. A child would know that.

"But the situation had one indomitable soul still to reckon with. Junipero Serra could not give up; he would go to God for help and pray to Him for succor across the blue waves. On the morning of that 'last day' he climbed to the topmost pinnacle of Presidio Hill and stormed the white gates of heaven with supplicating prayers for San Diego, even as the garrison was feverishly packing whatever was worth the carrying away. The record of that day is told in Smythe's vivid and priceless history of San Diego:

"'Father Serra went up to the hilltop on that fateful morning and turned his eyes to the sea as the sun rose. All day long he watched the waste of waters as they lay in the changing light. It was a scene of marvelous beauty. Junipero Serra doubtless felt that he drew very close to the infinite. So devout a soul, in such desperate need, facing a scene of such nameless sublimity, could not have doubted that somewhere just below the curve of the sea lay a ship, with God's hand pushing it on to starving San Diego. And as the sun went down he caught sight of a sail—a ghostly sail, it seemed, in the far distance. Who can ever look upon the height above the old Presidio, when the western sky is glowing and twilight stealing over the hills without seeing Father Serra on his knees pouring out his prayer of thanksgiving?'

HIS FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

"Thus was wrought what, in the tents of the faithful, is called a 'miracle,' and by what better name shall the Gentiles call it? Did not Junipero Serra ask for another day and did not the day bring the ship to 'starving San Diego?'

"And what does that day mean to California and the world? It means that, had it never been, the wonderful Franciscan missions of California had never risen, standing as they do today, most of them in ruin, but still the most priceless heritage of the commonwealth. Came never that day on Presidio Hill with Junipero Serra on his knees, there would have been no Mission San Diego de Alcala in the Mission valley, no Pala in the mountain valleys, no San Luis Rey, no San Gabriel or Santa Barbara's towers watching above the sea, no San Luis Obispo or Dolores or any of the twenty-one marvelous structures that dot the royal road between the Harbor of the Sun and the Golden Gate, and which to see untold thousands of travelers make the pilgrimage to California every year.

"The Mission San Diego de Alcala, which was the first California mission, is now a pathetic ruin, but enough of it remains for restoration—some day when the slow but sure step of the restorer will come. It cannot crumble to dust. Its strong facade, its brave old archway through which neophytes thronged in happier times, the ancient bell that still mounts the crumbled tower, are not yet gone. Some day some great, strong step shall find the place—holy with blood of martyrs and the tears of penitents—some great, strong hand will reach out lovingly, and morning suns and mellow moons will look again on the shrine rebuilt in the Place of First Things where California began.

THE GREAT HAND GRIPS.

"Our friend McGroarty wrote prophetically when he wrote: 'Some day some great, strong step shall find the place—holy with the blood of martyrs and the tears of penitents—some great, strong hand will reach out lovingly, and morning suns and mellow moons will look again on the shrine rebuilt in the Place of First Things where California began.'

"That 'great, strong step' and 'great, strong hand' are the hand and step of the Order of Panama, and ours is the honor and ours the credit of raising this cross on this spot to tell the story of Father Serra, and the birth of San Diego to future ages."

Mr. McGroarty, who was then called upon, said in part:

"Gentlemen of San Diego, I am an adopted son of California, but one who has known her long and loved her well, and I wish to tell you that of all the fine things that I have seen done in the way of restoration and the preservation of historic landmarks from Siskiyou to San Diego, this monument that you contemplate is the most important and the finest.

"No man with a soul could stand here upon this historic hillside, looking out over this matchless bay, and see you men of a modern city, having left your business and daily tasks to come out here to dig with picks and shovels for sentiment's sake, without feeling that he has seen something to abide with him until his dying day.

MOST SACRED SPOT.

"I congratulate you that you are here, and I congratulate myself that I am here, for I truly believe that this spot is the most sacred and most valuable historically in all California.

"Think, it was probably here on this very spot where I am standing that Father Serra, pale and starving from his long, unbroken fast, with passionate faith in his heart, knelt the long day through and stormed the Gates of God with prayer for a ship to come and relieve the starving settlement of San Diego.

"And below him in the Presidio muleteers and Indians worked with a feverish energy loading what little remained to the desperate colony upon the mules to carry it down to the ship that was to sail at sunrise. And once in awhile they turned and looked with pity on the poor, gaunt friar who prayed with such terrible patience upon the hill for the relief ship that they knew could not come.

"I, who have given much thought to such mysteries, do not believe that a ship was ever sent, but that a living God kept faith with human beings. God Almighty sent that ship. He had to send it. He could not turn His back on Father Serra's prayer.

AND CALIFORNIA WAS SAVED.

"And just as the sun was setting in the seas beyond Point Loma, Fath-

(Continued on Page Two)

A Practical Answer to the "Menace"

Miss Nora McCall, Niece of the Candidate for Mayor of N. Y. City Tells Why She is to Become a Nun.

POSTULANT FOR SACRED HEART CONVENT IS TENDERED RECEPTION AT PLAZA.

On the eve of becoming a postulant in Sacred Heart Convent, Miss Nora McCall, young and beautiful niece of Public Service Commissioner McCall, gave her reasons in an exclusive interview for renouncing society to become a nun. She said:

"All my life I have been loved; all my life I have known luxury and been showered with attentions and blessings, and yet all my life I have yearned and cared only for one thing—the indescribable desire to give myself, my body and brain, my education and talents, while young, to God.

"God does not want old husks—people who have known every pleasure and tasted every joy and then at last for a new diversion have sought Him. He wants youth and talent and fresh, keen, warm-blooded men and women.

"Sacrifice? Yes, the same in a way as the soldier gives when he leaves home, loved ones, everything that is dear, just for a principle—for the honor of his country which he holds dear. The same reason stands him in good stead when he must die alone, and he smiles and passes on gladly, eagerly, giving his life to service.

"When I enter the convent I may never do the things I have always done and which as a girl, like all girls, I love to do, to dance and sing and play and be a part of the social whirl; but that is my sacrifice. I will for three months remain a postulant, then a novice for two years, then a nun for seven years and then I take final vows."

Miss McCall was tendered a reception at the Hotel Plaza by her friends, and until September 8, when she enters the Convent at Kenwood, near Albany, she will be the center of gayety and enjoy many fetes in her honor. These will include a box party to witness "When Dreams Come True," a dinner by a Catholic society, and other diversions.

The "Hail Mary" is Explained to Jackson

FATHER S. Just as the Lord's Prayer comes from Heaven, inasmuch as it was composed by Christ Himself, so did a portion of the "Hail Mary."

MR. J. I fail to grasp that.

FATHER S. The words "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women" are words with which the archangel Gabriel greeted Mary; and the Bible expressly states that the angel addressed Mary as a delegate of God: "The angel Gabriel was sent from God" (Luke I, 26). Then Holy Scripture also declares that Elizabeth spoke under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, when she greeted Mary with the words: "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

MR. J. Hence, when we say the "Hail Mary," we are certainly employing words which are pleasing to God.

FATHER S. That is the Church's reason for embodying them in a prayer, which she wishes her children to make daily use of.

MR. J. I have observed that Catholics almost invariably say the "Hail Mary" immediately after the Lord's Prayer; one would almost suppose that they belonged together.

FATHER S. Their relationship is intimate. We greet our heavenly Father and implore Him to help us; then we greet our heavenly Mother, and entreat her to offer her powerful prayers in our behalf.

MR. J. I am sure that this practice is most agreeable to Christ, Who, when dying on the cross, besought us to regard Mary as our mother.

FATHER S. There is no question about it.

MR. J. The invocation contained in the "Hail Mary," viz.: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," is not a scripture passage too?

FATHER S. No, these words were added by the Church. She would remind people of addressing themselves every day to their Heavenly Mother for present needs, and especially for the greatest favor God could grant them, the blessing of a happy death. Left to themselves, people would not pray as regularly as they should for this undeserved grace.

Children's School and Playground

Learn the Answers to the Questions which follow; also learn the meaning of terms frequently used in connection with our religion:

Who was Father Junipero Serra?

What do you remember from the poem on "The Monk of Fact"?

Tell a few reasons why Catholics conduct schools of their own.

What are your resolutions for this school year?

What is the purpose of Catholic Colonization?

Crosier—The staff carried by the bishop as symbol of the authority by which he rules his flock.

Cross, Sign of The—The external representation of the Cross of Christ, which has been the mark of Christians since the first ages. It is made by touching with the fingers of the right hand the forehead, breast, left and right shoulder. We make the sign of the cross—first, to put us in mind of the Blessed Trinity by the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and secondly, to remind us that God the Son died for us on the Cross, by the very form of the Cross which we make upon ourselves. The cross is signed upon the forehead, lips and heart when the Gospel is said, to show that we must avoid sin in thought, word or deed, and profess our faith in these three ways. The Church is accustomed to bless everything with the sign of the Cross.

Cross, True—The actual Cross on which Christ was crucified, found later by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine; many portions of it exist, and are venerated as relics with special honor. Feast of the Invention (or finding) 3rd May; of the Exaltation, after its recovery from the Persians by the Emperor Heraclius, 14th September.

My Dear Children

Singly or in groups throughout the entire breadth and length of the country, we behold our boys and girls wending their way toward the school house. They are of all sizes, of all complexions, of all classes. The autumnal breeze entices from under the pretty bonnets of the lassies locks that display all the gradations of color, from the bright gold of the orange to the deep dark of the raven's plumage. Bronzed by the summer's sun, in brand new clothes, the boys chatter merrily of the sports and pleasures they are leaving behind. Perhaps there is just a tinge of melancholy regret depicted upon their frank countenance, but the bundle of books tugging at their arm reminds them of their new responsibilities and they check the impulse to retrace their steps. The familiar edifice now looms up before them and they all salute it either boisterously or reverently, according to temperament.

They feel that after the *home* and the *church* it is the most sacred spot in the land, and indissolubly linked with both. Many of them were not even born on American soil and memories of former school days in quaint foreign cities or towns still linger in their minds, but these memories are confused and near obliteration. They are being overcome by that wonderful new feeling that irresistibly draws them toward this, their land of adoption, and next to the cross that overtops the spire of their house of worship, they love the flag that waves from its mast over the school building. The *Cross and the flag* form the emblem of the Catholic school; they represent its two most cherished ideals.

My dear children, the "Sunday Visitor" left you on the threshold of this hallowed place at commencement and now on the same threshold bids you a hearty welcome. After a needed rest you are back, refreshed in mind and body, ready for another year's work. Resolve today to perform that work well and perseveringly. Commence at once to co-operate with the efforts of your good pastor and kind teachers, the Sisters. See how they beam upon you today, how glad they are to see you again, looking well and happy.

While you were away enjoying yourselves they constantly thought of you and your welfare; the Sisters entered into holy retreat in order to gather strength for the trials of the new year and devoted the rest of their time to study that their efficacy might be increased. The Rev. Pastor, on the other hand, was busy making improvements in and around the school property, thus also adding to your comfort.

I trust that the "Visitor" may be given the privilege to be your constant companion during the entire scholastic year. It will endeavor to instruct as well as please you. An unspeakably mean campaign of vilification is now well under way all over the country, against everything Catholic, and our Holy Mother the Church looks to you, children, to be her future champions and defenders. In order to be fitted to serve her well you must now learn those truths and dogmas that envelop her in *eternal beauty* and thus excite the ire of Satan and his cohorts. Those *truths* will constitute your armour and make you invincible.

The "Visitor" aims to supplement the lessons, you learn at school and in the catechism classes. On the last page you will find questions based upon the principal articles of the paper, and also a brief explanation of names that frequently occur in conjunction with Catholic matters. Read the articles carefully so you may be able to answer the questions for your own satisfaction or to satisfy the teacher who may ask you to do so in the Sunday school class. Many teachers of schools that handle our paper do so. The Mass with which the school year is opened is said in honor of the Holy Ghost, the Giver of all graces. Lay open to Him, during the Holy Sacrifice, both your hearts and minds, that He may fill them with His incomparably precious gifts.

YOUR FRIEND.

St. Rita of Cascia

(By Rev. Thomas S. McGrath.)

RITA'S CHILDHOOD.

The fame of the Saints is truly wonderful. No matter how insignificant in the eyes of the world or how little we know about their lives, they are honored by the universal Church and set up as models to imitate because of their extraordinary virtue and sanctity. So it is with St. Rita. We know little of her life, particularly her early life, save some stern facts, terrible to her but apparently of little importance to any one else. In fact, one of the chief records of her life was an ancient painting, which summed it up in six scenes. These, being explained and supplemented by tradition, have been the basis of our story. The account of her miracles, however, was better preserved. Her biographers write chiefly of these miracles while they pass over hastily the other events of her life. When we consider the extraordinary piety and Christian charity which distinguished Antonio Mancini and Amata Ferri, we can easily surmise what care and solicitude they exercised in training and moulding the character of Rita. Nor did they have much difficulty in this, for Rita, through God's grace, early showed a disposition marked by uncommon submission and obedience. As she grew up, she resembled, in her hidden life, the Divine Master whom she loved so well, and, like Him, she was obedient to her parents. "Erat subditus Illis." Though she was extremely bright and intelligent, her education was meager, owing likely to the fact that schools were not numerous at that time in and about Cascia. We are told that she was comely and modest, always appearing in humble dress, taking more pains to adorn her soul with virtue, than to add to her wearing apparel anything which savored of pride or ostentation. To this simplicity of dress, she joined a sedateness of manner which attracted universal respect, admiration and love, thereby giving an example not only to those of her own age, but to older people also. The virtue of purity she guarded with a special vigilance by separating herself from the company of her neighbors, while the natural love of her heart was satiated in holding communion with Jesus, the Spouse of virgins. Her one desire was to consecrate her virginity to the Lord. Even as a young child, she determined to enter the ranks of that intrepid army of virgins who are privileged to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth for all eternity.

By occupying her mind with noble and lofty thoughts, she avoided all idle curiosity and useless gossip. Her spirit of prayer and union with God increased daily. She developed a great love of retirement, and had a little cell built in her own home, where she spent most of her time, except when occupied, in helping her parents in the various occupations about the house. While in retirement, the constant object of her thoughts was the Passion of her Crucified Master. In the midst of her meditation she felt herself transformed, as it were, into the Crucified One, for Whom alone she now lived, or rather Jesus Christ lived in her. In this school of the Passion, she came to see in a clear light, the fallacy of all worldly things. The fruit of her meditations on the Passion of her Beloved was the conviction that she was not for this world. She saw like the wise man that all here below was vanity and affliction of spirit. Though she had scarcely attained her twelfth year, she resolved to quit the world and bury herself in the Cloister. But this cherished delight was not to be hers so soon, as God, for the present at least, had ordained otherwise.

Behold then, O! youthful maiden, your model, sweet Rita. Gaze upon her as she is engaged in the usual occupations of a young girl about the home. Trained in the school of her Crucified Love, her virtues increasing with her years, she is like a tiny rose at sunrise, budding out later into a beautiful and fragrant flower. Sweetness is stamped on her face, modesty is shown in her actions, recollection is in her demeanor, charity is in her conversation, humility is her safe-guard, prudence is her watchword. For, as the memoir depicting her childhood tells us, she was pure and chaste, "Fair as a lily, simple as a dove, gentle and obedient as a lamb."

What Science Teaches

MAN IN THE AGE OF COLD.
(Continued)

TOO LITTLE KNOWLEDGE, AND TOO MUCH.

As men when they were only ignorant savages used rude tools and weapons, blocks of stone or branches, and from these learned how to make others that were better, so the brain-workers and thinkers among men at first knew little, and could not think to good purpose. When they saw some new plant or animal, they tried to find out facts about it.

MAKING GUESSES.

Knowing little, they saw much they could not understand, and could not explain. The only thing to do was to make guesses about these new things, and then see if they had guessed wrong or right. For many hundreds of years this guessing kept on; it was the beginning of science. As men became wiser, they came to know many facts, and these were handed down from parents to children. But until within a few hundred years, there was no sure way of telling facts from errors, and thus many absurd notions were handed down together with much truth.

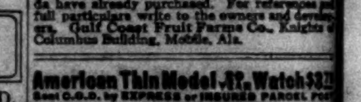
Indeed, long after men were highly civilized, and learned to live in a state of comfort and even elegance, they were as ignorant as savages of many things that we think every child should now be ashamed not to know.

(To be continued.)

If we possess the heart of God we shall possess all things.

CATHOLIC TOWN $5.00 down and $5.00 monthly buys a lot in exclusively Catholic town, Celeste, now being established in Mobile County, among the pines in the hills of beautiful Southern Alabama, over 300 feet above sea level. Very delightful, healthy, mild climate—no snow—no extremes. Purest crystal clear spring water. Ideal winter and all year round home. Lots $75.00 and up. Fine investment. Excellent business opportunities. No interest, no taxes. Catholic people from 18 states and various parts of Canada have already purchased. For references and full particulars write to the owners and developers, Gulf Coast Fruit Farms Co., Knights of Columbus Building, Mobile, Ala.

American Thin Model 12 Watch $3.75
Sent C.O.D. by EXPRESS or INSURED PARCEL POST
STEM WIND



HUNTING CASE
To advertise our business and introduce our catalogue of ELGIN and WALTHAM SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCHES, we will send you this ... WATCH C.O.D. $3.75 with our 30 days trial offer. ... Diamond Jewelry Co., ... W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Miscellaneous

SEND US THOU THY HOPE.

When our hearts grow weary,
when our lives grow dreary,
And in still despair we grope;
When our health shall fail us,
when our fortunes rail us,
Send us Thou Thy hope!

When the world shall hound us,
when misfortunes 'round us
Gather with fast seeming speed,
When in sin we're steeped, when
with sorrows heaped,
O, then Thy hope we need!

When we're young and growing,
when our hair's gray blowing,
Send us Thou Thy hope!
When the last call greets us, when
the death roll meets us,
Send us Thou Thy hope!

—*Barry Dunn-Brady.*

HOW LIFE INSURANCE CAN SERVE YOU.

When Bobby Burns lay dying he picked up that pen with which he was wont to stir the human heart to deepest tenderness, and with palsied hand he scribbled a few lines which deserve to endure with the best of his work. He wrote to the friend of his bosom:

"Alas, Clark, I begin to fear the worst: my poor wife, a widow and her six little ones helpless orphans; and I as weak as a woman's tears. But enough of this. It is half of my disease."

Robert Burns needed life insurance. Recognizing the necessities of his dependents when "weak as a woman's tears," his condition was the more pitiful because antedating the life insurance era.

Yet thousands of similar cases occur today, despite the facilities life insurance affords for avoiding this direful contingency. In such cases the husband's thought of the penniless widow, the father's vision of outcast orphans, the business man's nightmare of crumbling credits, must be that "half the disease" of the lamented Scotch poet, and in addition the fraction representing neglected opportunity.

There is no excuse for life insurance ignorance. Law imposes its penalties alike on the knowing and unknowing offender, assuming it is every man's duty to know the codes enacted to protect him and his neighbors in life, property and pursuit of happiness. Similarly, dependents and associates of the non-insured pay, in the toils of penury, the same high penalty without distinction, whether inflicted by brutal disregard of the knowing mind or thoughtlessly by the neglectful unknowing.

Since the days of Robert Burns life insurance has evolved into a system of protection that offers the independence of capital to the uncapitalized and the assurance of continued capital to the capitalized. He who would be served by life insurance must apply when conditions of health and strength least suggest its need. Life insurance is not issued to the weakling and diseased; it can be obtained only when contingencies of disease and death seem the most remote.

Some can Go,
Most can give Alms,
All can Pray.

In all history there has never been a period when the call has been so loud for missionaries as it is today.

The call in the United States is three-fold: the call of the colored race, the call of the foreign population, and the call of the sparsely settled country.

Let us pray that the small band of missionaries now in the field, will grow rapidly in numbers to meet the demands of those who now so seldom hear the Gospel preached.

Let us give liberally of our money to the cause, if we cannot go personally to labor on the mission field.

Let us never cease to help those whom God has called to go.

This month read: Stoddard, C. W.; The Lepers of Molokai; The Field Afar, monthly magazine; Catholic Missions, monthly magazine.

(Ask at the Public Library for these).

(Signed) MAY G. QUIGLEY,
(Public Library)
Grand Rapids, Mich.

We often learn a lesson from the remarks of an innocent child.

An elderly lady who was noted for being very close with her money, once took her little seven-year-old grandson to church, and during the Mass the usual collection was taken up. The old lady not wishing that anyone should see how much she put in the basket, dropped a coin in so hurriedly that it dropped on the floor. The little boy picked it up and put it in the box. When some little time afterwards the grandmother was discussing with the other members of the family the success in life of a neighbor on the opposite side of the street, who was building a new addition to his house, said: "I have worked and saved all my life and I could never get along." The little boy, who was taking it all in, exclaimed: "Well, grandma, what can you expect from God for a penny."

—*Harry McGunagle.*

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—*Shakespeare.*

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.

I thank Thee, Oh! my God, for all Thy precious gifts.

I thank Thee for sweet childhood's memories. I thank Thee for the home, the friendships, and the love that crowns my life; and for the smiles and caresses of my little child.

I thank Thee for having kept me from endless evils and dangers. And I thank Thee, Oh! my God, for having shielded me from myself. I thank Thee for this body of mine; for the eyes that may look out on the sunlight and the flowers and the blue sky; for the ears that may listen to the music which is to be heard throughout Thy universe; for the hands that try to do useful things, and for the feet that are trying to find their way to Thee. I thank Thee above all, Oh! my God, for the faith that makes me believe in Thee, and which makes me stretch out my hand to Thee when all seems dark. I thank Thee for Thy promise of eternity. I thank Thee, and I praise Thee.

—*C. Wilbur.*

City Officials Raise Monument to a Priest

(Continued from Page One)

mance and poetry and of the beautiful, vanishing past.

As they clasped hands the crowd beneath them cheered and waved their hats. Then Collier, raising his hand for silence, read from McGroarty's story of San Diego,—"The Harbor of the Sun."

THE POET'S STORY.

"Harking back to the beautiful, dream-kissed past we find San Diego's real beginning to have been made with the coming of Father Junipero Serra in 1769. It was sixty years after Cabrillo's discovery, that the next white man came with Viscaino, and 167 years after Viscaino before Junipero Serra came with the expedition of Galvez from New Spain.

"In the fascinating history of California, Serra, the brown-robed Franciscan, stands out clear-cut and ennobled as its greatest character. He is, indeed, one of the greatest characters of all history, a true priest, an ideal soldier, an evangelist, an empire builder, a dreamer with a poet's soul. Travel, if you will, the seven hundred miles of El Camino Real—the "King's Highway"—from San Diego to Sonoma, with its chain of twenty-one mission buildings; think of the labor of all that, the surpassing genius of construction and the marvel of its endless and intricate detail; recall the savage snatched from degraded barbarism to the uses of husbandry and the nobility of toil, his soul uplifted to the crucified Christ, ear and lip trained to music, his eye taught to art; scan the fields, the hillsides and valleys found waste and desolate, but made to blossom as the rose and to feed numberless flocks and herds: try to grasp all this and you will sit with the soul of Junipero Serra in the empire he created.

"Old Conquistadores, O brown priests
and all,
Give us your ghosts for company as
night begins to fall.
There's many a road to travel, but
it's this road today,
With the breath of God about us on
the King's Highway."

LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

"Leaving to the student of history the Galvez expedition of 1769 from New Spain to California, one fateful detail may be caught which informs us that 'just before noon on July 1, Father Junipero Serra arrived.' Go to the Old Town of San Diego and you may set foot on the very spot, sacred now to memory and the stirring days of old. The military, the new governor, the neophytes from Mexico, the muleteers, the supplies from the ships, the beasts of burden and the animals—not many of either, all told—had been landed, when, from his eager shallop Father Serra, cowled and sandaled, leaped to the shingled sands of the Land of Heart's Desire. He was then fifty-six years of age and had been a monk from his very boyhood. From the first moment he saw California he loved it, and as his eyes swept backward over the bay of San Diego shining blue against the sea, and in through the laughing valleys and tumbling hills of the off-shore, he claimed them all for the God Whom he adored with the wild passion of his soul. Happy the day when Junipero Serra came to San Diego—happy for the Place of First Things and the Harbor of the Sun, and happy for him who was to be its glory. ''Tis a goodly land,' he wrote, 'the wild vines are loaded with grapes and the roses are like the roses of Castile.' So, from the first he loved the place, as well we know 'the roses were like the roses of Castile.'

A NEW CITY IS BORN.

"Fifteen days after his arrival Father Serra sang the Mass from the top of the hill where the Spaniards had erected a fort, the historic spot now known as Presidio Hill. The bonnie banner of Castile and Leon was unfurled to the winds, the guns fired a salute and a new city was born on the western shores of the western world. They called it San Diego, as men call it still and will call it yet when the pennants of every nation beneath the shining sun shall crowd its glowing harbor, havened and buttressed safe against the booming thunders of the Sunset Sea.

"But the dream went ill for a time. Supplies ran low, the Indians would not bow to the gentle yoke of the new God, but, instead, murdered the strangers at every opportunity. A year and a half of failure and unsuccess, of heart-breaking inactivity and distress passed. Father Serra had not a single neophyte to boast of from the aborigines. The company within the sheltering walls of the presidio had dwindled to a half-starved handful of twenty human beings. And when, one day, another of the ships of the Galvez expedition that had wandered north to Monterey on conquest bound, came back to San Diego defeated and utterly disheartened, the last ray of hope seemed to fade away and die. The soldiers gathered together with gloomy brows. Finally, the commander informed Father Serra that San Diego and California must be abandoned that very hour. They must beat back over the blue waters to New Spain in the south while yet they could do so. Serra was dismayed and pleaded with all his soul against the abandonment. At last they gave him one more day to remain—just one little day more—and then he must put away his dream and sail south with the ships.

(Continued next week.)

KIN-PO
IS THE KEY TO
ELIMINATION OF POISON
and SYSTEMIC RENOVATION

No other remedy works as rapidly, efficiently and satisfactorily in conquering the DRINK, DRUG, and TOBACCO Habits as KIN-PO, and its distributors guarantee results.

KIN-PO is a Home remedy and can be taken by one of the family without fear of present or after ill effects. It contains no opiates, apomorphine, atropine, pilocarpine chloral or bromides.

KIN-PO appeals to the one who is looking for a safe, easy, certain method of ridding one's self of a health and peace-destroying habit.

FATHER HENRY R. FORKENBROCK [whose original letter is on file in our office] writes of KIN-PO.

Waterloo, Iowa, Jan. 8, 1913.

Gentlemen:
"I am writing you this letter in acknowledgment of the wonderful action of and the great benefits derived from your Kin-Po remedy by friends and acquaintances of mine, who employed your medicines in cases where the drink habit had secured complete mastery, and in a few hours experienced a complete transformation in their conditions.

"From skeptics they have been converted to warm and ardent supporters of the Kin-Po remedy, and I can now unhesitatingly recommend its use in all cases where sobriety is desired in the shortest possible time at the smallest expense and without danger of bad after effects, to say nothing of the satisfaction in knowing that such a blessing has been conferred upon suffering humanity.

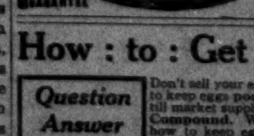
With kindest regards, believe me.
Very cordially yours
Father H. H. Forkenbrock."

KIN-PO will be forwarded to any address in plain wrapper, postpaid, on receipt of price, $2.00. Accept no substitute, but address
Send for handsome free booklet.

KIN-PO, 713 East 35th Street, CHICAGO. Douglas 2797

LIGHTNING PROTECTION
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES and Institutions, UNITED STATES and CANADIAN GOVT. Buildings, Corporation and City Structures, as well as residences everywhere, are protected with the ARROW SYSTEM. It is the highest type of Lightning Protection money can buy. Write for booklet and information to
ARROW CONDUCTOR CO., Chicago, Illinois

5 YEAR GUARANTEE



98 CENTS POST PAID
To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our big catalog of Elgin watches we will send this elegant watch postpaid for only 98 cents. Gent's size, high grade gold plate finish, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, accurate time keeper, fully Guaranteed for 5 Years. Send this ad today and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. ARNOLD WATCH CO., Dept. 985 CHICAGO, ILL.

How : to : Get : Top : Prices : for : Eggs

Question Answer

Don't sell your eggs as fast as they are laid. A new way has been discovered to keep eggs positively fresh for years. Preserve your eggs—then hold them till market supply is low and prices are high. Use Sibil Egg Preserving Compound. Write at once for handsomely illustrated circular explaining how to keep eggs fresh and sweet for any length of time, sent FREE. Every poultry owner should have a copy. Just address

75c a pint, $1.50 a quart, or $5 a gallon.

SIBIL EGG COMPOUND CO., 167 West Washington St., CHICAGO.

After Dinner Story

"THE LILY OF THE COAL FIELDS"

...ntinued from last week.)

CHAPTER III.

BELLE'S HUSBAND.

...-wned, November came; ...istmas holly appeared and ...d from the store windows; ...y, bleak and cold, arrived. ...e was absent six months. ...d written home only a few ..., but Bridget attributed ...ject, not to lack of affec- ...but to Belle's distaste for ...writing. The letters were ...s addressed to Bridget, but ...t day of February brought ...r from Belle addressed to ...ther. Bridget's fingers fair- ...ed to open the envelope, and ...day seemed very long until ...ther returned from his work. ...letter coldly informed him ...Belle was going to marry. ...husband-to-be was a man of ...ligion, but he would not in- ...re with her religious prac- ... He was wealthy, she added ...edly.

...idget stole upstairs to her ... bed-room. She felt that ...ng but evil could come from ...marriage. She tried to look ...the seeds of time, to see what ...arrest would be; but the fu- ...was mercifully hidden from ...

...rly in May, Belle, followed ...r husband, swept into the ...n where Bridget was mend- ...r father's smockfrock. The ...was wholly unexpected; and ...et gave one glad cry, as ...aught Belle in her arms. A ... glance at her sister's hus- ...told Bridget that she could ... like him; a tall man with a ... refined face and cold eyes. ...eyes! Bridget never forgot ... Mrs. Purcel's greeting of ...was not very demonstrative, ...Mr. Purcel's embrace and kiss ...ensated for that.

...h, Belle, you are beautiful!" ...imed Bridget, when she and ...sister were alone in her bed- ... "Your skin is like a ...s."

...ll W. Whalen is also the author ... excellent novel, entitled "Lit- ...d Babbie," which is sold by the ...w Publishing Co., 100 Ruggles ...oston, Mass., for $1.00.

By Will W. Whalen

"No wonder, pet, for I take care of it. You know there is a vast difference between Belle Purcel and Mrs. Robert Burroughs. They seem so far, far away, Bid, the old days when you and I were sharing this room and using butter on our faces when we had no cold cream."

That night every one at Mine Run was talking about Belle Purcel's husband. Jack Hayes got drunk and made a fool of himself. Hugh Nolan went to bed early and sulked. Each had his own reason.

"Bridget is too good for a common miner," said Hugh to his mother. "She will marry well like her sister. Her beauty and tact will win for her a better home than a miner can ever give her. God bless her!"

He drew the bed clothes about his neck so tightly that they almost choked him. Perhaps that was why he groaned so, poor fellow.

Bridget, as she told Belle that Jack Hayes was intoxicated, glanced sharply at her, but a millstone could not have shown less concern than Belle's dimpled face did. She seemed to have forgotten all about him.

Next day Bridget was making her bed, when loud talking came from the next room in which were Belle and her husband. Belle's voice, clear and sweet and full of misery, cut Bridget's tender heart.

"Robert Burroughs, you will make me hate you. I believe I hate you now, jealous wretch that you are. Do you think that, because you pile your money on me in fine clothes and jewels, you can so lord it over me? I sold you my body, not my soul."

"Belle, I can't control myself; you madden me."

Then there were more rebukes from the young wife. Bridget clutched the old bureau for support; every word was a flake of fire to her sorrowing heart.

"Brute!" she heard Belle scream. "Would you strike me!"

There was the sound of a scuffle. Bridget's gentle love burst forth in an impetuous, indignant stream. Belle had thrown open the door in a second and lay on the floor moaning; while her husband, trembling with rage and shame, stood over her. Bridget noticed his clenched fist. He might strike her sister again. He was a tall, broad, strong man, but Bridget was fearless. She said not a word, but, like a tigress, seized his arms and hurled him, before he knew it, far into the room. She took Belle tenderly in her arms and carried her to the next room, slamming the door between the apartments. Belle's temple was bruised.

"Bid, please let me lie here by myself."

Bridget with delicacy, said nothing, asked no explanation, but gently drew down the blinds, and left Belle alone.

Bridget had to weep, yet not for the world would she let her mother see her tears. The back gate was open, and a ubiquitous goat had found its way into the garden. Bridget rushed at the animal, and pursued it into the laurel bushes, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Once sheltered by the thick brush, she fell down on the grass, weeping and sobbing, and tore it up by the roots in her grief.

All the village girls came to the windows to peep enviously at Belle Purcel, as she and her tall husband and Bridget went to the railroad station on the morrow. Jack Hayes was at a saloon door when the trio passed; and after he had watched Belle out of sight, he ordered a glass of whiskey, "to keep him up," he said; though what he meant, no one knew.

"With all her fin'ry and grande'r," said one of the girls, "she don't look one bit better than poor Bid."

"Ah!" remarked Mrs. Nolan compassionately, when Bridget Purcel in tears had gone by her door, "that is a good girl, that Bridget. How she must love that sister of hers as jist went off on the train! See how she is crying, Hughie, the poor dear soul; though I don't know but I never could like that Belle. A lucky man, Hughie, that will marry Bridget," she added, glancing quickly at her son, who sat near the open window, and whose eyes were following the girl's graceful figure

"Yes, a lucky and blessed man, a thousand times blessed, but she will marry some one better than a miner. Why, mam, that girl could hold her own in any society."

"That she could, and no trouble at all to her," returned his mother; "still I used to think and have hopes. But, Hughie, did she say anything like that to you, son?"

"Man," the big, broad fellow took the little woman in his arms squeezed her and kissed her faded cheek, "you are like all women—too much for questioning."

No more letters from Belle. The Purcel family did not know even her whereabouts. Bridget sometimes thought that she was dead, and at times the awful picture of a murdered wife almost shattered even her strong nerves. But she was not one to worry, else the terrible suspense would have killed her.

Her father was promoted to hoisting-engineer, and his work lightened. That was a relief to Bridget. She little thought that a day would come when she would wish her dear father had never seen the engine-house.

(To be continued.)

"I have formed a very high opinion of the Irish priesthood from the examples I have been able to meet and to know."—William E. Curtis, Chicago Record-Herald.

There is still time to build a silo—but don't hesitate too long.

Good cooking is a big help in solving the hired man problem.

To Readers of the Sunday Visitor.

SEND 16c IN STAMPS

and receive a copy of

"My Rosary"

A BEAUTIFUL SONG

Words by Rev. Father Geo. Heidmann. Music by Barnie G. Young.

Address B. G. YOUNG MUSIC CO. Two Copies for 26c. Hammond, Ind.

CATHOLIC TOWN $5.00 down and $5.00 monthly buys a lot in exclusively Catholic town, Celeste, now being established in Mobile County, among the pines in the hills of beautiful Southern Alabama, over 300 feet above sea level. Very delightful, healthy, mild climate—no snow—no extremes. Purest crystal clear spring water. Ideal winter and all year round home. Lots $75.00 and up. Fine investment. Excellent business opportunities. No interest, no taxes. Catholic people from 18 states and various parts of Canada have already purchased. For references and full particulars write to the owners and developers, Gulf Coast Fruit Farms Co., Knights of Columbus Building, Mobile, Ala.



Bells Peals Chimes

Buckeye Bell Foundry The E. V. Van Duzen Company

572 East 2nd Street ::: Cincinnati, Ohio

FOR SALE!

100 Mascot Copper Co., of Arizona, $350.00. We buy and sell all kinds of stock

C. S. MATHER & SONS

360-17 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois

MONEY - MAKING OPPORTUNITY

...k That Will Advance $5 Per Share Within the Next 60 Days.

...ESTMENT ENDORSED BY LEADING BANK- GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS, AND THE ...ATHOLIC HIERARCHY AND LAITY.

...now of a stock that will advance in its ...price $5 per share between now and No- ... first next.

...e opportunity well worth the attention of ...atholic man and women having $20 or ... invest, as this stock is sold only to mem- ...the Catholic Church. This is not a talis- ... create a fortune over night, nor is it a ...l scheme destined to end in air. It is a ...usiness proposition endorsed by banke ...vernment officials.

...tock offered for sale is in a financial or- ...ion founded upon the safest business prin- ...and bearing the stamp of approval from ...hops, Bishops, Priests and laymen, of the ...Church, both in the United States and ...

...re not being offered an investment in an ...a prospect, but in a Company already ac- ...t work, and with cash assets of over a ... dollars.

...the growth and progress of the Company ...t so satisfactory and the prospect for the ...ture future is of such an encouraging na- ...to justify selling the balance of the stock ...crease of $5 a share on and after Novem- ...r next.

...one desiring further information in re- ...this Company a book has been published, ...history of its organization and showing ...t and profitable field it will occupy.

...ook tells of a line of business that has and ...s enormous dividends, and which is being ...ed by Catholics to the extent of $75,000,000

It contains most complete facts and figuring to this particular business and the ...ding dividends paid stockholders. It shows ...atholics may, for the first time, now be- ...ockholders and receive their share of the ...of this great business. The stock of old- ...shed companies in this line is worth ten to ... times par value, and original investors ...eiving 100 per cent. dividends.

...for the book, if you are a Catholic, for ...ders can participate in this enterprise.

...today to Mr. Philip Harding, Dept. 189H, ...t, Philadelphia, Pa., and you will receive ...by return mail.

LIGHTNING PROTECTION

...OMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES and Institutions, UNITED STATES and ...ADIAN GOVT. Buildings, Corporation and City Structures, as well as resi- ...everywhere, are protected with the ARROW SYSTEM. It is the highest ...of Lightning Protection money can buy. Write for booklet and information to

ARROW CONDUCTOR CO., Chicago, Illinois

The New "Harper's Weekly" Is Not For You

(Continued from Page Two)

brought forward in the last few years. Undoubtedly, the one of these books that has made the deepest impression is Ellen Kay's 'Love and Marriage,'—a book that has probably had a profounder influence in this field than any other book since John Stuart Mill's 'Subjection of Women.' There have been many others, such as Olive Schreiner's passionately felt 'Woman and Labor,' Jane Addams' 'A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil,' Elizabeth Robin's 'My Little Sister,' Mary Austin's 'A Woman of Genius,' and Mary Roberts Coolidge's 'Why Women Are So.' No one of these books could ever have been written by a man. In fact, there is only one man writing constantly on the subject today who seems to have a sufficiently profound grasp of it to rank with progressive women in influence, and he is H. G. Wells.

"The Feminist Movement, properly understood, is merely the moral movement in human evolution. It is merely the substitution of modes of thought based on present conditions of industry and education for modes of thought which were built up under a system of constant warfare and general ignorance.

"The changes we have been referring to are the real objects of the Feminist Movement!"

O, ye Catholic women of the country! Are you going to leave that movement to such people of pagan views? It is regretable that the proposed national organization of Catholic Women at the convention of the A. F. of C. S. just closed at Milwaukee was delayed because, according to the Associated Press reports, the women refused to be dictated to by Archbishop Messmer on the question of "Suffrage" when so much is at stake.

But let us return once more to the program and then I shall be done with it. It opens thus: "Americans like to be informed, and also like to think." (n. b., Catholic Americans do also, and) "they do not like to be bored."

And to quote you once more before closing Mr. Hapgood: "Some persons prefer to think hastily about the events of the movement; others enjoy a different perspective and like to contemplate those ideas that do not cease to be when the afternoon paper has been left behind in the street car," which opinion I have herewith hastened to indorse in all save the leaving behind in the street car (this afternoon) of the first number of Harper's Weekly, edited by Norman Hapgood.

AND THE MORAL OF IT ALL.

It is surprising how many Catholics will stomach anything, even without a protest, just to get their intellectual appetizers from secular sources. It is to be deplored that we have not a more efficient means to contradict such statements, but are we continuously to leave them pass unprotested? Or, more effectively still, why should we continue to draw our information from such polluted sources? It is just our support that swells the lists of many an undertaking publication and what thanks do we receive therefor? Witness the above statements. There may have been some excuse for reading the secular illustrated weeklies and the dailies, as we American Catholics have none in the English language, but cannot the lack of such be remedied? How long are we to continue our journalistic sleep?

Awaken, you Catholics, heirs of a mighty faith, and announce to the world—as in deeds, so in words—year in and year out, in monthlies and weeklies and dailies, your legacy's message of truth, and good will and of cheer.

HENRY CHARLES STEINER.

FORGOT SOMETHING.

His chief characteristics to the casual observer were an assertively pompous manner and an assertively bald head. For about an hour he had monopolized the conversation around the club fireplace by the recital of the struggle that had raised him from poverty in youth to affluence in mature manhood.

"Yes, gentlemen," he continued proudly, "I'm a self-made man."

A wearied voice came from the recesses of an arm-chair. "I should think, then, that you would have put more hair on the top of your head."

And the conversation was at last turned.

If you intend to go to work, there is no place better than where you are. If you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"If a hundreth part of what Walker says against Catholics were true, his outfit would have been blown to hell long ago."—*Brann's Iconoclast.*

Bureau of Information

Questions are answered, as far as possible, in the order received; hence those who seek information through this Bureau must not become impatient if the answer to their queries does not appear for several weeks after we receive same.

Is it true that Jesus said all who were born into the world were sinners except Christ Jesus?

St. Paul says that Original Sin passed onto all men, though the merits of Christ for its removal were applied to Mary at the very moment of her conception and to John Baptist before his birth.

How can God be just if He still condemn a child who never committed sin, and who could not baptize itself?

God does not condem such a child. It receives no *positive* punishment, but is simply deprived of a higher happiness which it would enter in case it had been raised to the supernatural condition by baptism. The child enjoys a natural happiness, one commensurate with the condition of its soul, but does not enjoy the vision of God, which is a supernatural happiness. You have a fortune, and may go to Europe; I have not, and cannot enjoy such happiness; yet no injustice is done to me. A baptised soul has the means to a supernatural happiness. The unbaptized has not.

Do you believe in "Inspirations"? Would God let something very remarkable happen if one is a good Christian?

Not in the sense that you evidently mean. But by actual graces God inspires people to do certain good works, and good people experience interior evidence of God's pleasure at their efforts to serve Him well.

A Catholic man marries a non-Catholic woman; the beremony is performed in an Episcopal church by a duly ordained minister of that faith. May a Catholic attend such ceremony? I maintain that no Catholic may, but some people say it is allowable. What do you think of a Catholic man or woman who would be a party to such a wedding? What is the status of the Catholic party in the eyes of the Church?

No Catholic should show encouragement to what his Church forbids. The Catholic party in question excommunicated himself from the Church, both because his act implied an open denial of his faith, and because (we are supposing it occurred in recent years) the Church does not recognize as valid the marriage of a Catholic unless performed by the parish priest or one delegated by him.

I intend to enter a convent, but there is just one thing that is keeping me back—my mother, my aged, widowed mother. She does not object to my going, but she wants me to stay with her. I am the only single daughter she has.

If she needs you for support, you should remain with her; otherwise answer God's call. If your mother would not oppose your leaving home by marriage, she should not object to your entering the convent.

Can a rosary, whose beads are of glass, be blessed?

Yes, if they be not too fragile.

What does a dispensation for marriage in the third degree cost? Is the cost the same for a mixed marriage?

Dispensations are not sold. The fee which is required in connection with some dispensations has more the nature of a fine, to show the Church's attitude against granting the same. This fine does not go to the priest nor to the bishop, nor to anyone connected with the Church, but to charity, usually into the "orphan fund" of a diocese. You have often seen signs on bridges, telling of a fine for fast driving over it, or in parks, warning the trespasser. It is not for the collection of money that these "fines" exist, but *to prevent* the very thing they announce. So it is with fines connected with dispensations.

I married a convert, who took instructions, was baptized and made First Communion the day we were married, which has been three years ago. He did seem to be a devout Catholic, still goes to Mass on Sundays, but not so often to Holy Communion. When we visit his relatives and non-Catholic friends, we do not bless ourselves at their table. Do we do wrong?

Whilst in itself it is not sinful to miss the grace before and after meals, it might become so in such an instance as you refer to. If his relatives are aware that "to say grace" is a Catholic practice, they would conclude that you were ashamed to carry out the same in their presence.

Suppose I went to confession and the priest refused to give me absolution for the reason that I would not say that I would try and avoid a certain sin; then after a long time, say two or three weeks or months, as the case might be, I went to confession to another priest. Would I have to tell I did not receive absolution the last time I was to confession?

Your next confession would have to cover the period of time since you did last receive absolution. It is customary for one to state that one did not receive absolution when one last attepted to receive the sacrament of penance, if such had been the case. At any rate, since a firm resolution of amendment and absolution are requisites for a good confession, the sins confessed, but unabsolved, were not forgiven and must be retold.

Protestants tell me that Protestants are being murdered in Rome on account of not believing in the Catholic faith. How about this?

It is a charge too openly false for us to pay attention to.

Why does the Catholic Church forbid Protestant marriages? Don't Protestants promise God that they will live together until death separate them? Why then should the ceremony be administered by a Catholic priest?

The Catholic Church does not presume to exercise any authority whatever over Protestants, and hence has no law pertaining to Protestant marriages. When there is question about what we term a "mixed-marriage," or a marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic, it is a different matter. The Catholic Church regards marriage as a "sacrament" for the Catholic party, and rightly contends, surely, that it is her place to administer sacraments.

I go with a Catholic young man who has taken me to several places and seems to be very loyal to me, still it seems strange he never asks to call to see me on Sunday evenings. I really think it is because he doesn't know enough, although he is not a dull fellow. Could you kindly inform me in this matter, what to say to him?

Ask him if he intends to keep steady company with you, and if not, tell him that you prefer that he would not bother you at all.

I think my vocation is to become a Sister. Am I supposed to tell my confessor about it in the confessional?

It would be advisable to tell him whether in or outside the confessional.

Is it right for a Catholic girl to attend public dances?

No.

"A Reader" from East Moline, Ill., has no cause to worry: she has done more than her full duty.

"It works for the loyal observance of the Constitution, and for obedience to the Government."—Dr. Lynch, New York.

"She is as zealous as ever in missionary enterprises and self-denying works of Christian Charity."—Dr. Philip Schaff.

THE CONQUEROR.

It's easy enough to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then, indeed, it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the stormswept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity glows; he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat. —Emil Carl Austin.

"She stands a mighty bulwark against the wild, raging, destructive forces in the social life."—Dr. Parker.

"Look for the good that belongs to her, and you will find it in great measure."—Thomas K. Beecher.

"The Catholic Church is inspired by the Spirit of all wisdom."—The Lamp, Anglican.

"The office of Pope was created and instituted by Christ."—H. E. Moorman, Gallitin, Tenn.



FREE To every Boy and Girl. We give a fine Eureka Camera and complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 24 papers Gold Eye Needles. Sell 3 papers for 10c, giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the $1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address Globe Co., Dept. 681, Greenville, Pa.

ST. MARYS OF THE SPRINGS COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

COLUMBUS, OHIO

[Conducted by the Dominican Sisters]

Thorough Preparatory, Commercial, Academic and College Courses, including Music, Art and Needle Work.

Further information, address Sister Superior.

Any intelligent person may earn steady income corresponding for newspapers. Experience unnecessary. Address Press Correspondent's Bureau, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS PROCURED AND SOLD; Easy terms; careful, conscientious work; advice Free; new Book Free; correspondence solicited; highest references; send sketch Today.

H. J. SANDERS, 101 CRELLY BLOCK Chicago, Ill.

BUMSTEAD'S WORM SYRUP

A safe and sure remedy for Worms. Stood the test for 50 years. It Never Fails. To children it is angel of mercy. Pleasant to take. No Sickness. No Physic Needed. One bottle has killed 182 worms. All druggists and dealers, or by mail—25c a bottle.

Est. C. A. VOORHES, M. D., Phila., Pa.

Sagine WOLFRAM

The great Benedictine paper, "St. Joseph's Blatt" lately told one of its readers: "Sagine is an excellent remedy. You can take it without fear of it doing you any harm." The Ohio Waisenfreund and the Herald des Glaubens are equally recommending the Sagine remedies heartily. But so will everybody who uses them. All diseases are caused by germs and germs cannot live in Sagine, that is the whole secret. You can give Sagine to the smallest of babies. You will find they do well and love to take it. A very prominent member of the American Medical Association writes: "Altho it is against the rules of the Society to publish testimonials, I allow you to state, that I effected unusual cures with Sagine Catarrh Cure in serious cases. You can refer anyone you wish to me." We have many very enthusiastic friends among physicians who do not hesitate to speak in praise of our remedies. The slime caused by Catarrh runs into the stomach, from there it passes through the intestines or is washed through the kidneys and bladder, causing serious troubles and often the most dangerous diseases. It is the greatest folly to try to cure Catarrh in the head, with snuffs.

Sagine Antiseptic 50c, Sagine Catarrh Cure $1.00, Sagine Throat Chips 10c, Constipation Capsules (Capsules for one month) $3.00.

Sagine Co., No. 70 Clinton Bldg. Columbus, Ohio

OUR : BOOK : LIST

[Prices Include Postage]

Why You Should Be a Catholic (16p)	$ .02
Socialism Unmasked (32p)	.03
The Way of the Cross	.05
Jesus Suffers; Jesus Dies	.05
Jones Instructed on Confession (64p)	.10
How to Get Married (56p)	.10
Defamers of the Church	.10
When Informed Protestants Speak Their Convictions (80)	.10
The Parochial School (96)	.10
Kind Words From Your Pastor (80p)	.10
Your Parish Church	.10
For Our Non-Catholic Friends, (496p) paper	.35
Knighthood—Ancient and Modern	.07
Early and Daily Communion	.05
Passionist Mission Book	.75
Your Neighbor and You (Father Garesche, S. J.)	.50
For Our Non-Catholic Friends (496p) cloth	1.15

[Better prices are allowed in quantities]

Our supply of other books consists of a few good prayer books CHEAP, a few styles of Bibles, etc. We keep only GOOD things that are CHEAP; however, we supply the Catholic Encyclopedia.

We shall procure for you any books you desire besides the above.

Our Business—to supply pastors with everything profitable to them and to their parish at the very lowest price.

If you haven't a Book-Rack for your church, get one—only $3.00.

Address

Catholic Publishing Company

Huntington, Indiana

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

Issued Weekly by the
CATHOLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
Huntington, Indiana

REV. JOHN F. NOLL, Editor.

Entered as second-class matter May 3, 1912, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under Acts of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price .....50c the year
(In Advance)

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1913.

Apostolic Delegation, 1811 Biltmore St., Washington, D. C.
April 27, 1913.

The nature of your work tends to supply, in a popular and practical way, the religious needs of both the Catholics and non-Catholics.

With pleasure I congratulate you on this good work and express my hopes that your success will continue to increase.

With best wishes I am, sincerely yours in Xto,

✠ "JOHN BONZANO, Archbishop of Melitene,
"Apostolic Delegate."

Fort Wayne, Ind., March 29th, '12

Dear Rev. Father:

Your work of bringing home to our people the better knowledge of the teachings of the Church, and of informing non-Catholics of the claims of Holy Mother Church, is a truly apostolic work, worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To furnish a weekly paper, for an annual subscription of 50c, appears to me to be more than remarkable.

Wishing you God's abundant blessing on your work, I remain,

Devotedly yours in Domino,

✠ H. J. ALERDING, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind.

LAYMEN DEFENDERS.

Since the appearance of Dr. Cummings' Church defense, and our suggestion that other Catholic laymen interest themselves in the same line of work, we have received numerous apologetic contributions, some of which are excellent, and will be published by us.

This evidence that those who receive "Our Sunday Visitor" read it, is a source of great satisfaction to us, as it must be to the pastors, who have made it possible for all their people to secure a copy of the instructive paper.

"OUR SUNDAY VISITOR" AND THE SCHOOLS.

With the resumption of school we anticipate a large increase in our circulation, because hundreds of priests make it do practical service in the school-room.

The paper is sent from here in ample time to reach the school by Friday; the children bring their pennies, buy their own copy, and after its use in the school-room, they take it home for their folks' perusal.

The effect of this method of distribution is excellent: (1) Children are taught at an early age that the Catholic press must be supported; (2) the impression sinks deeply that the Catholic paper is not only to be subscribed for, but to be read; (3) by having to search for the answers to questions which appear in the children's department, they get a more **intelligent** knowledge of their religion than they could secure in any other way. In many schools the "Sunday Visitor Catechism Lesson" is gone over on Friday, with the help of the teacher, and supplies the subject-matter for the Sunday-school lesson two days later. Instructions such as we have been carrying on in "dialogue form," will bring home Catholic teaching to pupils of the higher grades, more intelligibly than will the questions and answers of the catechism.

An Investment Without a Risk!

It is not often that people are afforded an opportunity to invest in something in which there is no risk run whatever. When a prospective investor is told that his stock will earn big dividends without any doubt, he becomes suspicious, and asks why it must be advertised for sale. Our answer to this objection is that there is no treasury stock for sale, but a limited amount held by our aged inventor, who is willing that a charitable cause be assisted by some of the proceeds of the sale.

"HOYNESITE" is a non-explosive powder, which will soon be used in mining and tunneling throughout the country, since its use will eliminate all danger both to life and property. It is already making rapid inroads into the big market ahead of it. Write for information to the

Hoynes Safety Powder Co., Williamson Bldg., Clevelend, O.

Get Your Home in the Northwest United States

Locate adjacent to Northern Pacific Railway—the best developed sections of the Northwest—in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, the land of prize cattle and crops. Stay near home markets; quick transportation; close to good neighbors and good schools; no isolated pioneering. Free United States Government homestead land; state land on easy terms; deeded land at low prices and on crop payment plan. Write quick for free literature about these "prosperity States of America"—say what state most interests you. Ask about low fares. L. J. Bricker, Gen'l Immigration Agent, 315 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Catholic Self-Help Boarding School, $125 a year

By approval of Archbishop Glennon, St. Louis, the National Farm School and Vocational Training Institute has been chartered at Jonesburg, Mo. The Preparatory Department opens September 30th. Fundamental Branches, Christian Doctrine, Elementary Sciences, Drawing, Bookkeeping, taught. Practical training in Agriculture for Boys; special classes in Housekeeping and Domestic Science for Girls. TUITION, Board and all all accommodations $125 per year. Early applicants secure best accommodations. For further information address REV. J. T. TUOHY, LL.D., Director, Jonesburg, Montgomery County, Mo.

NOTICE Daughters of good and German speaking families wishing to join a religious order and to consecrate themselves to God for the salvation of souls, either by nursing or teaching, may apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR of the Franciscan Sisters of the Sacred Heart, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Joliet, Ills.

GOOD FARMS FOR CATHOLICS AT WILHELMINA!

The land for Catholics—Church, School and Resident Priest.
The land that produces and never fails.
A pleasant and healthy climate.
A new Catholic colony under the patronage of MOST REV. JOHN J. GLENNON, Archbishop of Saint Louis.
Sells at a very moderate price and on easy terms. No Agents. For all particulars address the Pastor and Local Manager.

REV. V. TESSELAAR, O. S. M.,
Wilhelmina, Missouri.

When writing mention this paper.

City Officials Raise Monument to a Priest

(Continued from Page One)

er Serra saw a white sail loom in the dying light, and San Diego was saved and California was saved.

"Men of San Diego, I would say to you—I who, instead of making money, wander like a gypsy up and down the King's Highway from Siskiyou to San Diego, just loving California—I would say to you that no city on the coast, not excepting Los Angeles and San Francisco, has a greater future before it than San Diego, and I can add from my heart that I am glad of it.

"And when this cross, built of tiles, is raised upon this sacred spot, it will be more precious to you and more precious to California than a cross of gold. And when people come from the Seven Seas and the four corners of the world to see the wonders of your city, to visit or trade within your gates, it is to this monument that you can point with greatest reverence and pride."

SILENCE OF DEEP FEELING.

There was a momentary silence at the conclusion of Mr. McGroarty's speech and then a great burst of applause. Next Colonel Collier announced that what remained of the fragments of tile, after sufficient had been set aside for the construction of the cross, would be sold and the proceeds placed in a fund for restoring other landmarks in San Diego county.

Before and after the speech-making the character of the scene was most animated. Fifteen or twenty automobiles, lined up one by one along the roadside at the foot of the hill, and their occupants, old and young, fat and lean, made a gay dash for a pile of picks waiting for their eager hands. Then a race up the hill ensued, after which, many already winded, a cloud of dust and energy enveloped the landscape.

Men who have always worked with their brains labored like sons of toil with their hands. Mayor O'Neall plied his pick with gallant zeal, keeping his pipe alight between puffs of energy. Admiral Manney, with his coat off, councilmanic problems forgotten, might have vied creditably with any lusty stoker in the bowels of a ship. As for City Prosecutor D. F. Glidden, his strenuosity was such that terrified friends restrained him.

TILES STORED IN CACHE.

When enough of the tiles had been piled up and carted to a cache in the side of the hill the workers returned to their automobiles and scattered to their duties in the city.

Ernest Hall, chairman of the Cabrillo Monument Committee of the Order of Panama, to which has been entrusted the work of building the cross to Father Serra, announced that it will have two inscriptions—one in English and one in Spanish. The following is the English inscription for the bronze tablet:

In This Ancient Indian Village of
Cosoy, Discovered and Named San
Miguel by Cabrillo in 1542,
Visited and Christened San Diego de
Alcala by Viscaino in 1602.
Here
FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA
The Apostle of California
And Founder of Its Civilization
First Raised the Cross
Began the First Mission
Founded the First Town—San Diego
July 16, 1769.
In Memory of him and his works,
The Order of Panama, 1913.

A Cyclone in the "Melting Pot"

(Continued from Page One)

Hence he found the sanguinary language of 'Gene, which I quoted in my open letter, "out of order." Just think of the picture of gentle 'Gene howling from a soap box, as he howled in the "Appeal to Reason" of May 13, 1911:

"John J. McNamara (the self-confessed dynamiter) would have been perfectly justified by every law of right—and these words are chosen deliberately—in shooting down Burns and his thugs in their tracks."

Such a picture would have spoiled the noble plans of the editor.

"My Dear Harry" performed well the job of skinning me "good and proper." He applied to me nearly all the vile epithets he could find in Webster's unabridged. And why? Simply because I told the TRUTH, as he himself avers. The main subject of my letter to Theo. Debs was the contention that not our Christian churches, but the Socialist leaders are opposed to permanent social improvements, particularly to a minimum wage law in favor of working girls. Honest readers would naturally assume that Mr. Tichenor refuted my contention. But he did not even attempt to do such a thing. On the contrary, he most emphatically asserted the correctness of my contention. What the Socialists want, he says, is the maximum, not the minimum; they want everything, the whole earth. He even sneered at those who proposed the enactment of a minimum wage law. To quote his own words:

"Priest Kluser is even too ignorant to understand that the Socialists criticise 'minimum wage' propositions and such like reforms only because they want it distinctly understood that the Capitalist proposals to 'help' the wage slaves will never be accepted as final—that the working class will never let up in their demands until they conquer the earth and receive ALL that their labor produces. These (Capitalist) reformers are loudly demanding a minimum wage—which proposal means that no working girl or woman shall receive less wages than will feed and clothe them at the minimum. This 'minimum' fever has taken hold of every old humbug that wears pants. This minimum proposition, as applied to the class that do the useful work of the world, would make anything but a galvanized grafter ashamed. Bull-Moose ought to be bringing a good price, the liberal way the various 'reform' cults are handing it to the workers these days. What the entire working class wants and demands is the EARTH. It wants the maximum, not the minimum."

I am not quite as ignorant as Mr. Tichenor supposes me to be. I maintained and proved in a series of articles which I published last winter in the "Home and Country Magazine" of Cincinnati, that the Socialists stand for revolution and for the wholesale confiscation of all private property in the means of production; that they are opposed to substantial and permanent social reforms, and that the plank in the National Socialist Platform of 1912, which demands "the conservation of the lives and the well-being of the workers and their families by establishing minimum wage scales," is a monstrous bluff. Now there comes "My Dear Harry" and tells me that my contention is perfectly true. Yet he pours on me a flood of invectives for having told the truth! The royal Prophet foresaw the behavior of our Socialists, when he wrote: "Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness."

What is the National Socialist worth, if the Socialist leaders are allowed publicly to reject and to oppose the granting of its demands? It is a rag not worth the printer's ink. No sooner had a number of influential capitalists proposed the establishment of minimum wage scales, as demanded in the National Socialist Platform, when many leading Socialists furiously decried the proposed reform, and all other social reforms. The Socialists of New Jersey recently adopted a platform, in which they fiercely denounced all reforms as schemes devised by the capitalists to decrease the political power of the working class. They say in their platform:

"Ever quick to seize upon the passing temper of the people to further its end, the capitalist class is projecting schemes of apparent reform, each one of which is cunningly devised to decrease the power of the working-class voters."

The New York "Call" for June 15, 1913, reprinted the New Jersey platform and stroggly endorsed it.

Two things are as clear as the noon-day: First, that there reigns a blissful anarchy in the Socialist camp. The New Jersey platform and the declarations of many leading Socialists flatly contradict the National Socialist Platform; secondly, that the Socialist leaders are not the friends, but the worst enemies of the working class at large. They are decidedly opposed to all permanent social reforms, because higher wages, shorter hours and other improvements kill in the workers the spirit of revolution. Their only aim is the complete overthrow of all our political, social and religious institutions. They live and thrive on the evils of our present society as the buzzards live and thrive on carrion.

In my next letter I shall continue my survey of Mr. Tichenor's "Important" commentary.

REV. C. J. KLUSER,
Morgantown, W. Va., July, 1913.

Readers Speak to Readers

Washington, D. C., Aug. 23, 1913.

Rev. Father Noll:

Why should we tolerate the secular press and non-Catholics to call our Church the "Roman Catholic Church," when in truth and reality it is the "Catholic Church," pure and simple? For no reason whatever should we allow it to be called by that name, especially when such a "calling" is nothing but an encroachment on our glorious mark of Catholicity.

The means of calling a halt to this injustice to the Catholic Church is indeed a most easy one, providing all Catholics will interest themselves in the proposition below.

Let every reader of this "Sunday Visitor" make it his business to see that the editors of their home papers call the so-called "Roman Catholic Church" only by the name of the "Catholic Church," and to take every precaution to prevent this error in the future.

If every Catholic will only do that much for his Church the result will certainly be the total expulsion of "Roman" from the secular press and likewise, in a short time, a complete eradication of the term from the tongues of the people.

Act at once, it is up to you, the individual reader. Signed,

A CATHOLIC.

Watertown, N. Y., August 19, 1913.

The Catholic Publishing Co.:

Gentlemen—The booklets (Socialism Unmasked) have come, and there were many more of them than I expected. Hearty thanks for your generosity. I intend to give the booklets away to those that need them. I have never seen a better refutation of Socialism. Although I believe that the good lives of us Catholics must always be the strongest argument in favor of Holy Church, still we cannot neglect to use weapons like this little booklet. It is small and brief, but some of its arguments hit like sledge-hammers. Good success to you!

Yours very respectfully,

KARL PHILIPP.

Chicago, Ill., August 16, 1913.

Dear Reverend Father:

A correspondent in the "Sunday Visitor" asks if "any one has been aided in musical work through the intercession of St. Cecilia."

I never fail to ask her assistance in my work in the teaching of music in schools, and never once have I failed to receive it.

In gratitude to St. Cecilia and hoping all music lovers will make friends with this sweet Saint, I am yours sincerely,

MARY NORRIS.

Cincinnati, O., August 7, 1913.

Dear Father:

I have promised the publishing of this article for a favor granted.

Being out of work and unable to secure same, though possessing a good education, I applied for work without success.

Becoming disappointed, I gave way to sin and despair to such an extent that I remained away from the Sacraments nine months. I asked friends to assist me, until my mother said that the only recourse I had was prayer; and pray I did.

I made intercession to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Anne, St. Anthony, and that my prayer was heard is verified by the splendid position I secured on a Tuesday with a remuneration far beyond my expectation of ever receiving in my life.

Only through the power of prayer have I found consolation in my hours of distress. Thanks to the Sacred Heart.

W. J. S.

The Catholic Colonization Society, U. S. A.

THE TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILL. TELEPHONE, FRANKLIN 130

Most Rev. John J. Glennon — Rev. Julius E. De Vos — Mr. P. Dzikynalski
Most Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer — Very Rev. E. J. Vattmann — Mr. H. De Jonghe
Rt. Rev. James McGolrick — Rev. Andrew Spetz — Mr. D. Bresnoar
Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs — Rev. J. J. Tannrath — Mr. E. Grieb

By REV. JOHN TOUJAS.

Riviera, Texas, July 28, 1913.

Dear Rev. Father:

No doubt you have been asking yourself many a time: how is Father John getting along way down in Texas on those primitive missions? Well, thus far things have gone nicely and smoothly. When I passed through Chicago the thermometer stood at 102 in the shade, and I thought I would drop dead on the sidewalk at every minute. After a delightful visit with my dear friend and patron, Rev. Vattmann, at Wilmette, Ill.,—a place very much like Delphos—I left Chicago at noon on July 1st. My ticket from there to Riviera, Texas, cost me $37.50. From St. Louis down, I found the temperature far more moderate. It seemed to become cooler at every moment. On my arrival at Riviera I purchased a good thermometer and have been watching it closely ever since. This afternoon it reached eighty-nine in the shade, and this is the hottest that we have had thus far in this part of the Sunny South. At this time, 9:00 p. m., it registers but eighty, and in the morning it is seldom above seventy-six. My evenings I usually spend on the porch of the little cottage, called the "Priest's House," and I find the cool, balmy breezes from the Gulf, the pure atmosphere and clear sky are extremely delightful and invigorating. I sleep like a child during the cool nights and each morning I feel so refreshed that I can go through the day's work without any distress or trouble. Yet, just think of it, the settlers tell me this is the "hottest summer" they have experienced in many a year! They ought to take a train for Chicago and they would find what "hot summers" mean.

One week ago today I received my trunk and book-cases, and I have but just now finished unpacking and arranging my little library and wearing apparel. My three-room, microscopic, cottage looks home-like, cozy, clean and neat.

Our hydrant water is fresh and as clear as crystal. We get it from artesian wells, which are plentiful around here. We are in the area called the belt of artesian wells. The water supply comes by underground streams from the Rocky Mountains. Some wells are so strong that they spout up into the air as much as five hundred gallons of water per minute. The supply is really inexhaustible. With such a supply of fresh water we can smile at the droughts, that are dreaded so much in the North. Droughts are unknown in Texas, the complaint in Riviera is that there are too many rains. All figures are staggering here. The well drillers usually go to a depth of 800 feet, sometimes even more. They always strike a subterranean river, or lake. It usually costs about $300.00 to drill a well. Into each well they put a water-main, eight inches in diameter, and through these the water shoots up into the air to an enormous height. Lots of fishes come along with the water. These fish had no use for eyes in their underground lake, and hence in the course of time lost them.

(To be continued.)

The New "Harper's Weekly" is Not for You

Chicago, Ill., August 15, 1913.

The time-honored Harper's Weekly has changed hands, and Norman Hapgood, of Collier's and other fame, has assumed the editorship. The "first number" edited by him for August 16, 1913, has mapped out a "program" which must indeed have been flattering to the sensibilities of Catholic subscribers.

Commenting upon the change the "Belfast (Maine) Journal" states significantly that "Harper's Bazaar" has been sold to Hearst and "Harper's Weekly" to Norman Hapgood and people are wondering if they will become "yellow journals." Ominously enough, the color for the title cover of the Weekly is a subdued yellow with the name in a block or emblem of red, indicative possibly also of Mr. Hapgood's leaning towards Socialism, as evinced by his previous editorials and the articles he accepted for Collier's, especially at the time of the Lawrence strike, and his reference again—if only passingly—in the present issue, to the suppression of truth regarding Lawrence and Patterson.

Not to be anticipating, however, let us first open the cover and inspect the changes. We notice the old emblem of "Harper's Weekly—a Journal of Civilization." Evidently that has undergone no change—but what is Mr. Hapgood's idea of civilization? We may infer it from his review of George Santayana's "Winds of Doctrine," which he styles a "brilliant book about present-day conditions." To quote his words: "This volume treats the present age as critical and interesting to live in; an age that keeps some characteristics of Christendom and yet is beginning a different civilization: that feels the value of religious faith,—and yet has broken the shell of Christendom, felt the unconquerable mind of the East and of the ocean past, and is confronted by the industrial future, by a new spirit—that of the emancipated, atheistic, international democracy."

True, he says later on, he is giving Mr. Santayana's ideas and often his words, but he takes care to add that he always likes to have Mr. Santayana on his side and admits the author's influence upon himself at the very beginning of the article. We conclude his review with the remark that it will be a long time before a book is published with more general intelligence than this one contains.

Arthur Davison Ficke in the "Chicago Evening Post," thought it would take Americans fifty years to become aware of the Santayana message.

As the book has much to do with Catholicism, Mr. Hapgood adduces a poem which gives very personally the author's attitude towards that religion, and of which the following lines are the most significant:

Perchance when Carnival is done,
And sun and moon go out for me,
Christ will be God, and I the one
That in my youth I used to be.

Things are shadows, shadows all,
And ghosts within an idiot's brain.
A little while, they fade and fall;
A little while they come again.

Sing softly, choristers; ye sing
Not faith alone, but doubt and dread.
Ring wildly, Easter bells; ye ring
For Christ arisen, and hope dead.

Of the "general intelligence" of the book, however, we may judge for ourselves from the following specimens of gratuitous insults to Catholics, which Mr. Hapgood introduces as follows: "Mr. Santayana's view of the intellectual temper of the age is not a sympathetic one and yet he is fair-minded!" The chapter on "Modernism and Christianity" will be notably interesting to any who are endeavoring to understand that subtle conflict which is now going on in the Catholic Church. Mr. Santayana realizes, of course, that contradictions have always existed in religion, that the morality of chivalry and war and the ideals of foppishness and honor have been long maintained side by side with the maxims of the gospel, which they entirely contradict, and he thinks that the doctrine of Copernicus, although accepted by the Church with some lame attempt to render it innocuous, remains an alien and hostile element, like a spent bullet lodged in the flesh.

Sin has ceased to be the fearful imprudence which it seemed to the ancient Hebrews and is now judged on entirely different grounds. Once it was as logical to fight for religion as it was to fight for nationality. The true Christian, to be sure, has always been the exception, and whenever a nation is converted to Christianity, its Christianity in practice must be largely converted into paganism. The nominal Christian, becoming a man of business and the head of a family, will form an integral part of that very world which he will pledge his children to renounce as he holds them over the font.

Even in the golden age of Catholicism, the age of Dante, the world was full of bitter conflicts, faithless rebellions, worldliness and barbarism. It was a conglomeration of incorrigible rascals. A religion which condemns worldliness is in this dilemma; if it remains merely spiritual it cannot affect the world, these organs become a part of the world from which it is trying to escape. To Mr. Santayana, therefore, a modernist is nothing but a free-thinker with a sympathetic interest in religious illusion. His is the historical attachment to his church of the Catholic, who has discovered that he is a pagan."

Perhaps the best comment on the above would be the first sentance of a preceding paragraph: "We scarcely know what the word Christianity means."

And there are other equally complimentary things to be found in this issue, for instance, the following culled from "Thoughts About the Theatre:" "We should have a better chance of becoming a great as well as a big nation if we had less fear of the truth,—e. g., in the theatre, where we 'bark' against 'Damaged Goods,' (n. b., a play of which the action springs from venereal disease). "Isben's Any Night," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession;"—and again, "In the same book (Mrs. Coolidge's 'Why Women Are So,' is being referred to) it is pointed out that it is one of the ironies of social development that, while ascetic religion has been a most powerful hindrance to women, the stage has become one of the strongest influences to elevate one's ideals of pure beauty. In the last hundred years the stage has drawn to itself the highest productions of literary and scenic art and the acting profession has produced some of the noblest human beings of our time." We may still question the high standard of our stage, but unquestionably some of the reforms it has undergone owe their origin to the life and virtues of such pure lights of the stage as Mary Anderson and others, who were trained in ascetic religion.

I have been deviating, however, merely to give you a forecast, but now let us return to the program.

Immediately after a presumptuous introduction in which Harper's Weekly hopes to play something of a role in the large matters that are decided in Washington, in our state capitols and in our city elections, we happen upon the pith of the whole manifesto: "You will probably guess from the article 'What Women Are After' that we intend, if possible, to make ourselves the official organ for the Feminist Movement, not through agitation or argument so much as through a lucid and persistent explanation from many angles of what changes in civilization that movement seeks to bring about." And which are the changes contemplated? I subjoin a few of Mr. Hapgood's official and illuminating utterances as found on pages 28 and 29:

"The 'Feminist Movement' is a poor name for a big thing. The expression is not English; a word ending in 'ist' usually suggests theory and dullness, and to the ordinary mind the principal ingredient of the idea is the vote. Voting is a valuable and a necessary part of the new influence that women are to use in remaking our civilization, but it is merely the expression of a right and a point of view and a powerful weapon for helping along changes that are founded on something much deeper than legal procedure.

"The new position of women in the world means that the intellectual and moral standards are to be changed. The world is still full of institutions and ideas that are stereotyped and ignorantly worshipped, and which, nevertheless, are obstructive to the welfare of mankind.

"The great underlying institution of marriage is now being subject to criticism, and to women will in the main fall the task of deciding just what alterations shall be made in it, and in the idea of sex morality that center around it.

"In 'The Old Fashioned Woman,' by Elsie Clews Parsons, just published, a very interesting addition is made to the remarkable list of books by women about moral civilization

(Continued on Page Three)